

CHURCH COLLEGE OF HAWAII ENGLISH DEPARTMENT



Kula Maou



WE BRING YOU OUR GIFTS

A WORD OF WELCOME

With this first issue of KULA MANU the Church College of Hawaii English Department honors a number of students--including many whose work is not represented in this issue because of space limitations. The Department appreciates the efforts of which these pages are only symbols, recommending their appreciation and imitation by many others.

The character sketch beginning on page one is by SHINOBU NISHIKAWA, a student from the Big Island.

The short-essay beginning on page three is by NOEL MCGREVY of New Zealand; Noel is also the author of the four poems on page ten.

The "unsolved mystery" which begins on page five is by JONATHAN TANG from Hong Kong.

LINDA REED, from California, wrote the short story on page seven.

The short story on pages eight and nine is by MICHAEL WHEELER of Kailua. Mike wrote the poem and the prose poem on page nineteen as well.

STEPHAN ATTKISSON, a student from California, composed the four poems on page eleven.

The story on page twelve is by THOMAS WALLACE, another Californian.

The critical study of the two main characters in Shaw's Pygmalion, on pages thirteen and fourteen of this issue, was written by NICKY CHEUNG from Hong Kong.

The parable on page fifteen, addressed to the people of Hawaii but useful to all people, is by LEVON OHAI, a student from the Garden Isle of Kauai.

The reflective essay beginning on page sixteen is by VIRGINIA D. NIELSEN, formerly of Monroe, Utah, and now a member of the Church Building Mission in Laie. She also wrote one of the poems on page eighteen.

The sonnet on page eighteen is by DONNA FAILING of Hauula; Donna is also the author of the chillingly appropriate story beginning on page twenty-two.

Laie's own LOKELANI LINDSEY wrote the story beginning on page twenty.

The impressionistic graphic introduction to the writings contained in this issue of KULA MANU which serves as our cover is by NOEL MCGREVY.

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Rumors are already circulating concerning the "significance" of the words KULA MANU, and some fascinating theories have been developed. It may be useful to point to what Archibald MacLeish says of poetry--"a poem should not mean but be"--as equally applicable to the title of a magazine such as KULA MANU.



MY UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

My unforgettable character is a meddling mother-in-law.

The bride was very beautiful in her white organdy gown with a finger-tip veil. She carried a bouquet of white butterfly orchids in her hand. Her father escorted her down the aisle to give her away in marriage. Now, after the reception at the bride's home, she and the groom were ready to travel to Kona Inn for their honeymoon. Her mother insisted on traveling with them because she didn't want to miss an opportunity to visit Kona. Everyone at the reception had to explain to her that this was not the time to go on a vacation with them. Fortunately for the couple, she was persuaded to stay at home.

Once there was a very good movie playing in town one mile away from where my mother-in-law lived. She wanted to go very badly, but she didn't have transportation. She called her son-in-law who lived eight miles away from her home to come and drive her to the movie. He explained he didn't have a car but, if she really wanted to go, he would borrow a car to take her. Instead of refusing him, she said she would be happy if he did. Reluctantly, he set out to borrow his friend's car, only to find that he had left with it to go on a fishing trip. This meant that he now had to hitch-hike three miles to get another car, drive eight miles to pick up his "beloved" mother-in-law, go another mile to take her to the theatre, drive back over the nine miles to return the car, and then hitch-hike home again.

When we go shopping with her for just a card of bobby pins, we expect that she will pay the parking meter. About one hour and thirty minutes later, when we are twenty-five cents poorer from paying the meter, we see her coming out with a bundle of articles, minus the bobby pins.

She's going to a special women's conference tomorrow. She calls her daughter, who lives with four children eight miles away, to come over right away and curl her hair. The next day she is at the meeting all right, but the weather report says, "cloudy with a few scattered showers," and she has her laundry hanging outside on the clothesline. She calls this same daughter again to take her laundry in.

She does not talk to her own sister. They are both good cooks, dancers, and singers. Both are socially prominent in the community and each tries to outdo the other in style and luxurious living.

She is a very impatient woman. Her husband, already having passed his written examination, wanted to get his driver's license. All he had to do (continued)

MY UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

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now was to practice for two weeks behind the wheel, before returning for his driver's test. She had so many places all planned to go, that she called the police officer with the request that her husband take the examination one week earlier. She was reprimanded by the police-man for that because her husband was not ready for the road test. This didn't stop her trying again. One week later, her husband went for the driver's test but did not pass. He was told to come back on his own when he was ready, not when she was.

Her husband is quiet and patient. He just accepts the commands she gives and carries them out as he has been doing for the last thirty-eight years and in all probability will be doing for the next thirty years or more.

Shinobu Nishikawa

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP..."

The sky was starless and softly grey; the air was cool and fresh, bearing upon its tranquil breath the fragrance of the Palestinian dawn. As he walked, with dragging steps, through the dew-decked countryside, he hardly noticed the beauty of the dawning; its myriad delights for ear and eye were lost upon his self-engrossed mind. When the sun's first rays had burst full upon his countenance with golden fire, revivifying his being with the vital warmth of life, he had scarcely noticed, so involved was he in his maze of thought.

On he trudged, burdened down with an indescribable feeling of reproach. His mind dwelt upon the events of the past evening. He had been his usual, urbane self; his sophisticated perversion of humor once more had caused someone hurt. But why should he trouble about that? He never had before. Nevertheless, something made him feel conscious of a great guilt. Had he not done merely what was expected of him? Could it be that the Nazarene, whom Herod was returning to him, should be released because of his innocence?

Confidently he had taken his place at the banquet table, confidently he had gone through the formalities required of him by his position, and almost ruthlessly he had belittled the sycophants that feign would have grasped his sleeve to gain his ear. Consistent with his practice he dismissed them one by one by humiliating them before his sophisticated assemblage of guests.

There had come to him one who made no fawning entreaties--a simple girl who somehow had found her way past the guards. She asked only once, with tearfilled eyes, that he release the Nazarene, and, for a moment, her obvious sincerity and naivete amid the hypocrisy and grotesque artificiality of his guests so touched his heart that he would have said "yes" were it but to make those anguished eyes light up with joy, had not Lydia's haughty, contemptuous voice ridiculed him for the apparent softening of his expression toward the girl. The consequent impatient restlessness of his guests caused him to remember himself, his position, his public manner, and thus the man became a machine which could not but function in its usual way. He laughed in the girl's face, and ridiculed her attempt to gain his clemency. His, Pilate's, decisions were the decisions of Rome. He had had the guards remove her from his presence and cast her without.

As he neared the city again, he felt the utter desolation of one leprous and loathsome--one from whom all men would turn aside--and yet he had friends, but something told him these would one day fleet away from him as leaves before the winter gales which leave the trees quite bare: He felt he would be like the remaining trees, bare and all but dead; alone and tormented by the gales of Life's displeasure.

The girl's eyes had been before him through the rest of that banquet. All the while he had forced himself to appear unmoved, and his unfeeling friends had not detected the few lapses of depression that betrayed his uneasiness of mind. At last, when they were gone, he had wandered out into the darkness to find comfort: He had walked until dawn, and he had found a solution to his depression. He would be right to reverse his decision to the girl.

It was paradoxical that he knew what he must do, but that, in reality, he would prove unable to perform it. The inconsistency of this solution with his usual behaviour caused him to reaffirm his former decision. He realized himself that he possessed not magnanimity of mind--the price (his position, wealth, and power) was too great. He could not appreciate that peace of mind would be

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP..."

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preferable to these, and thus, in a vain attempt to forget himself, now that he had reached his limit, he purposed to justify all his actions by assuming a cloak of impersonality about his actions, thus, in his mind's view, ceasing to be responsible for the wrong of them. In this way did he act that he might remain consistent with the public image that he himself had created. That he might be untrue to this image was the dread fear of his mind. Some thought that the Nazarene died, but the girl discovered something else.

Pilate never knew in his lifetime what he had started.

Noel L. McGrevy

A MOST INTERESTING SOLDIER
(An Unsolved Mystery)

Private Chung Shun was a new soldier just called to service from his home in Kiangsi Province, the seat of the Taoist Pope. He was eighteen years old, and was ignorant, because he had not been educated. He was a farmer.

When he first came into my company, he made a deep impression upon me. He was a short man who did not look too strong and who had an expression of awkwardness over which he expressed a deep sincerity.

We lived in the Tan family's temple, where we trained the soldiers. Chung did not like to talk with the others, and he looked very homesick. The other soldiers always joked about him, so I had the Sergeant give him more help and advice.

One evening two weeks after he came into service, the Sergeant came to me to report that Private Chung had performed a wonder. The Sergeant said: "At first, this evening, he seemed to have epilepsy, but in a moment he suddenly changed himself, and said, 'I am the Pope of Taoism, Chung Tien-Shish. I have the power to catch the devils. Today I have come here to get the devils out of this temple.' Then he ate the burning joss sticks. Then going over to an ill soldier, he used a stick to make symbols in the air beneath the bed. Then he used his fingers to draw his incantations in a bowl of water, which he gave to the patient to drink. After that he sat down and came back to himself, and said he was very tired. The soldiers asked him, what he had done, but he could not understand. He said he had done nothing."

I told the sergeant that next time Chung did this to come and tell me, so that I could see what happened to him.

From this instance, the soldiers (and especially the patient) began to believe that the spirit of the Taoist Pope had most certainly entered into Chung's body, thus giving him the power to do those things which they had seen; but I did not believe this at all.

The Taoist Pope is the head of the Taoist religion. He is rarely seen in public, and many myths surround him. Among the powers accredited him is the power to catch devils which the Chinese people believe to exist.

A week later, Private Chung "became" the Taoist Pope again. When he started, the sergeant came to tell me, and I went to observe him. First he ate many burning joss sticks, then he played with his fists for a few minutes, after which he asked for one bowl full of water, and another empty china bowl. He took the empty bowl, put it into his mouth, and bit it into many fragments like grains of rice. His teeth seemed like iron. He put the small fragments into the bowl of water. Then he used his index finger and middle finger to write his incantations in the water bowl, and he then gave the water to the patient to drink. After that he read out a prescription for Chinese medicine, and I told the soldiers to write it down. Then he sat down, only to come back to himself within a few minutes saying that he was very tired.

When he came back to himself, the first thing I did was to ask him to open his mouth. I made inspection of his teeth, his tongue and his gums, but there was not any harm done. I asked what he had done, to which he replied, "Nothing." I said, "Why are you tired?", to which he said he did not know. I gave the prescription to him to read.

"I cannot read, Captain! You know I am ignorant," he said. I took the prescription for the Chinese medicine to a Chinese doctor, who told me that it was correct for ill soldiers to use, whereupon I purchased the medicine and administered it to the soldier.

A MOST INTERESTING SOLDIER
(An Unsolved Mystery)

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Three days later he got back his health.

The soldiers all believed that the Taoist Pope actually had been within Chung's body to do these wonderful things. After this thing happened, my company's soldiers respected Chung very much. For two months he did not do this again, and it was about this time that we lost him on the battlefield. Whether he was killed, captured, or whether he just deserted we could not determine. We never saw him again.

Jonathan Tang

THE SHIFTING SANDS

A great vastness spread out before the eyes of the pair. Their journey had not yet begun. Weariness strained the steps that each took as the endless miles stretched behind. Beyond the barren sand dunes lay green pastures and valleys, rolling hills and mountains, springs and rivers. The pair traveled day and night navigating their course across the dry terrain toward their new homeland.

At sunset Pete stopped his friend and made camp. The smell of fried potatoes and hot coffee filled the dusty air and the nostrils of the man. He ate heartily leaving only the potato peelings and coffee grounds for the spiders and rodents to munch on. After chewing his tobacco and patting his friend, he bedded down for the night. Fresh dew and mist sparkled in the air as the sun rose to wake the man. Another day's travel lay ahead for the pair. A day passed, then two days, then a week went by as they pressed closer to their goal.

The Bray of his donkey startled the man as he walked by a rock. The hiss and rattle of a dreaded enemy forced him to freeze in his tracks. The snake slithered forward and struck at the hard, worn leather of the man's boot. Before he could strike again the Hee Haw and running jump of a faithful friend ended the threat of the snake's bite. It whirled and uncoiled as the donkey's hoofs left their imprint along its mangled body.

Pete's love for his donkey could grow no more. Morning would ever make him give up his best friend. The test of true love for a friend came during a terrible sandstorm. The two huddled together against the elements thrown at them. Everything was wrecked and many necessary supplies were lost. During the peak of the storm the canteens were unsettled and the rusty lids let flow the precious fuel of life.

Two days of frustrated travel and extreme thirst ended in visions of beautiful waterfalls dancing along the horizon. Pete saw his green country ahead stretched out as far as his old eyes could see. Gently swaying trees and fresh smelling flowers tempted his eyes and teased his legs to keep on walking. The hoarse Bray of his donkey snapped him out of his delirium. The donkey was lying down. Its swollen tongue hung out of a parched mouth. Mistful eyes were turned toward his master. Pete salvaged what moisture he could find from a few scattered cacti, but he could not get enough of the life-giving blood to save his friend. The following day's afternoon sun baked the carcass of a once-faithful animal. The desert claimed Pete's life next. His burned skin and rugged body rested also in the blazing sun. The bones of Pete and his donkey in the shifting sands are left to prove that their journey to greener pastures had finally begun.

Linda Reed

THE THIRSTY DEAD

It was a long, low wooden building, quite unbeautiful. Its north wall abutted on the pavement in the court below, so that a girl could chat with a friend in the street from the lower floor windows. There were piazzas along the south side of the house, low built, with boxed wooden columns painted white. The house itself was painted a dull slate blue or leaden gray, one cannot be sure just which. When the tenants of Kerner's court looked out of their windows at night, the hospital building was just the color of fog, only a little more solid. There were eighteen rooms in the building, and under them a basement for storage. It was into the basement they carried the dead, and they set them in rows on stretchers.

The old house is gone now; a cyclone wrecked its roof, and an earthquake shook the chimneys down. A tenement took the place where the hospital had stood; and the people living in the tenement did not like to mention the subject.

Nothing ever grew where the hospital stood; not a green leaf or blade of grass; not even weeds grew there, though weeds will grow almost anywhere.

It was a private hospital until after the savage fight at the secession. Many young men from the town died there or were brought back to town covered with wounds. The hospital was a shambles; for the young men were shot, cut with sabers, stabbed, torn and run through by bayonets, their faces were beaten in by gun butts, and their lips were often already black with mortification; all were white from loss of blood. There was time neither for mercy nor delay in that place: there were sixteen rooms full.

For lack of proper surgical instruments wounds were probed with straws snapped from the brooms which swept the hospital floors; there were no anodynes to ease the agony. There was no laudanum, no morphine, no opium of any sort; there was not even whiskey: the blockade had prevented their entry. To ease the festering wounds the surgeons gathered cloth bags from the ladies in the town, filled them with moss or cotton, soaked them in cool well water, and hung them so that the slow drip from them might fall upon the inflamed wounds and cool them if only a little. The weather was intensely hot and gangrene is swift; the wounded died like flies. Death stood waiting.

Afterward the house was sold. Nobody would move into it, until, long after, a poor colored washerwoman, attracted by the low rent, moved into a room on the upper floor with her lazy daughter.

At the end of the lower balcony a flight of wooden steps went down to the ground; and a few yards from the steps was an old well, such as one may still find in the old yards of the town, closed by a shield-shaped cast iron lid, lifted by an iron ring. The lid was too heavy for a dead man to lift, so that the drinks of the dead were long between and their thirst very great.

One close, hot night in midsummer, the upper rooms were full of a choking heat and steam. The women were trying to finish a two weeks' wash in one. Thirsty with the heat, the steam, and the toil the old woman said to her daughter, "Go fetch a bucket of water from the well, so that we may drink." The daughter, a perverse sort of girl, said "No. I won't carry water for anybody.....you may go get it yourself." So the woman herself took the bucket, and went down along through the dark hallways of the house and along the balcony to the well.

THE THIRSTY DEAD

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As she lifted the heavy iron lid and the cold, stagnant smell of the water puffed up into her face, something behind her heaved a long sigh. Startled, she looked behind her; but there was nobdy. She let the bucket down into the well, gave a jerk, let it fill, drew it up brimming full, and started back to the house.

As she came to the balcony steps and lifted her arm before her, so that, by lifting the bucket, the water might not be spilled by the bucket striking the steps, something she could not see took the bucket out of her hand.

She saw it go up the steps, one, two, three....and then, as she stared dumb-founded, she saw it go along the balcony, lifting, tipping, and swinging along through the air; there was nothing but the empty wind, as she stood gasping at the balcony steps.

At the peak of each long swing, the bucket paused, stood still, tipped sidewise; and then went swinging along again in swooping scallops. After each pause she heard, there in the empty balcony, long drawn breaths and deep, contented sighs, such as thirsty men heave when, after long hours of waiting, their thirst at last has been quenched. All the while not one drop of water was spilled from the bucket's rim.

Then the bucket came back, swinging, scalloping, rising and tipping, down the outer side of the balcony; turned itself in the air, with never a visible hand to hold it; and offered itself, handle to, for her taking.

Knowing that the dead had taken it out of her hand to quench their thirst, she dared not touch the handle, but cried out, "Lord have mercy on me and take the bucket away !"

The daughter upstairs heard her cry out, and hurried down to see what had befallen her. She found her crouched against the balcony steps on her knees; and, beside her, on the steps, the bucket, still wet, but without a drop of water in it.

The woman who had borne the bucket and drawn the water was dead.

Michael Wheeler

FOUR POEMS BY NOEL MCGREVV

GANDHI

Compassion like bright sunlight touched
 them all.
Himself he counted nought that he might
 serve
His fellows: not that he sought to deserve
Their honours, for he answered his Soul's
 call.
Written on his heart was their distress,
Their misery was his; their destiny
His vision of fulfilment; and his plea
Was that they rise again in peace to bless
All other peoples and all other lands
With their attainment in the power of Right.
So he denied himself, so did he fight;
Himself, one small man with a billion hands.
And with his sacrifice of all things he
Sealed by his death his people's liberty.

Who would find Truth must find it needs
 by test.
Once they did laugh if one dared to suggest
Th' existence of another continent:
America was found by those who went:
And thus shall those souls on the True Quest
 bent,
Who paying heed to Messengers oft' sent,
Find in reality the Region Blest,
That state of perfect Mind, the Self's
 True Rest.

AKHENATEN

O Akhenaten, did'st thou glimpse the True
Perceive with Intuition God revealed
To men as light which dally in their view
Traverses sky, and which on stream and
 field
Bestows its gift of life, or metes out
 death?
O ancient king, wert thou with Truly
 Inspired
To see beyond that disc; to know each
 breath
Holds that Great One which you o'er
 all desired
To worship and to serve? Did'st thou
 discern
That all of Nature throbs with one accord
In unison, as One; and did'st thou learn
That like the sun, o'er all men is one
 Lord
Who shines in all souls; that all faith
 is one?
Or did'st thou see no further than the
 sun?

Silence is a blessing;
Noise abounds
In this mechanic age;
Man-made sounds
Assail our ears each day,
Fill our minds
With their diversity;
Soon one finds
Silence is a blessing.

FOUR POEMS BY STEPHAN ATKISSON

ALONE, BAREFOOTED, HAPPY

The sand was damp and cold as he walked
over it alone with his bare feet,
While small crabs passed him and ran
sideways, looking for something
on shore to eat;
But the waves waved at him and came to
playfully splash him and call him
in,
While huger waves were rising high to
show him their strength and falling
as din,
And he saw his world and listened to its
many sounding and changing tone,
This was his world, a world where it
wasn't a punishment to be alone.

LONELY BEAUTY

I look across the clear, rumbling
and foamy sea,
I watch its pale, blue-green waters
and their beauty,
I look far but sadness is all that I
can see,
For all it does is separate my Love
from me.

THE LAST LIGHT

The last light has done out and
darkness has crept over all,
Now as I attempt to wend my way, I
stumble and fall,
What's ahead, what's in back, or
what I will hit, I don't know,
Because now there is no light, and
I can't see where I go.
Now I pray for one light's return,
just one sending meek rays,
Not too strong a light, just one to
help me through this blind maze
My way is complex and my direction
has to be right;
I can't advance without guidance of
some small divine light.

PSEUDO-INDIVIDUALISTS

The men cry out to have society's
dictatorship leave them alone,
They want the sound of their voices
heard, not muffled by the loud
masses drone,
They want to be their own island, not
a lost part of an ameobic sea,
But if their ways were adopted, would
they be willing to let others be?

JAMISON OR JAMISON'S EFFICIENCY?

Jamison was brilliant. In fact, he was very brilliant. He had an analytical mind which enabled him to get to the basis of a problem with remarkable speed. He also was very articulate; he was able to present his ideas or explain his conclusions with such clarity that one explanation was always sufficient, or more than sufficient.

Many of my best friends had said that Jamison would go places. Actually, he already had. His childhood background was so obscure that even Jamison himself was not sure that he had any. Yet Jamison, when only twenty-five years old, held a doctorate in some field of science (I do not recall it, specifically).

I thought this was a praiseworthy achievement-climbing from obscurity to the esteemed position which he now held in so short a time. But my friends seemed to think that Jamison (or rather Dr. Jamison) had belonged to this place of distinction as certainly as a duck belongs in water. They gave the impression that his obtaining a doctor's degree was no achievement at all, merely a fulfillment of what was expected of him, and that his real achievements were all ahead of him. They placed no limits on what he might accomplish in bettering the state of mankind.

But I was inclined to disagree with them, and eventually I decided I was right in doing so. My friends had overlooked one essential aspect of Jamison's personality which I have not mentioned yet. This aspect seemed a simple matter of viewpoint, but it was not a simple matter at all.

Jamison believed in efficiency. He worshipped efficiency. There is probably nothing wrong with efficiency. No doubt it is a very helpful medium in itself. But the means used to procure efficiency can be detrimental, I believe. And this is what had been overlooked by my friends.

When I first discovered this efficiency worship in Jamison I merely shoved it aside and did my best to ignore it. Nevertheless, I could not ignore it. The principle recurred constantly in Jamison's discussions to such an extent that I began to realize that he sought efficiency above all else.

I could not understand how such a brilliant man would value anything so trivial as efficiency over the individual as he certainly appeared to do. I had always believed that man as an individual was something more than an animal, something worth protecting at any cost.

Obviously, I thought, Jamison must have a definite reason for believing as he did. Then I decided to ask him about it. On the first opportunity that appeared I asked Jamison the question which had been haunting my mind: Which is most important, efficiency or the individual?

Then Jamison explained in his clear, lucid words how efficiency was more important than the individual. When he finished I was very surprised at myself: for the first time, I had not understood one of Jamison's explanations.

Thomas C. Wallace

ELIZA AND HIGGINS IN PYGMALION

Apart from being a delightful treat of phonetics and a wizardly transforming of a flower girl to a "duchess", Pygmalion is an account of a unique affair between two striking singular personalities. At times the counteractions were so provocative that the affair became almost a battle! Normally the life paths of a phonetics professor and a flower girl, started off so differently, would not cross each other. But Life does such strange things: by the "Creator's" tricks, they were thrown together like two tops: they spun beautifully when they were side by side; they crashed violently when they got in each other's way; and yet they were indispensable to each other, for life would be too monotonous without a reactant.

Though of low birth, the victim of a wretched start in life, Eliza held her self-respect and held it up high. She kept on making it clear to Higgins, and the rest of the world, that she was "a respectable girl, a good girl" --- something that is becoming rare today --- and that she was not "dirt under his feet to be tramped on and talked down." "A squashed cabbage leaf" so she was, yet she had her own dreams, ambitions, hopes, and plans that, though naive and elementary, were as important to her as Higgins's advanced ones were to him. When she saw a chance to improve --- a way "out of the gutter," she grabbed it and decided to make the most of it, stooping to insults and being at the risk of "catching her death." She knew what she was, what she wanted, and what she could have. She knew she was "only a common ignorant girl," and Higgins "a book-learned gentleman." She wanted him and loved him, but when she realized that they could not "make anything of one another" and that he was actually "infatuated" --- or avoiding to be --- and "never thought of anything else," she made things clear to him and told him: "And don't you be too sure of yourself or of me... I wouldn't marry you if you asked me." Although Higgins had made her "a consort for a king" and she "couldn't bear to live with a low common man after (them) two" --- him and Pickering, yet she married Freddy because, as she told Higgins: "And if he's weak and poor and wants me, maybe he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and don't want me." However, because she really loved and wanted Higgins, though just a "little kindness," and, as she told him: "What you are to do without me I cannot imagine," she came back to him once again. "We were pleasant together and I came to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like."

Higgins, on the other hand, was sharply different from Eliza in disposition, temperament, and character. Having had an advantageous foothold and make a headlong start in life, he developed a pugnaciously insolent mind that "walked over everybody." When a poor girl did not enunciate as correctly as he could, he gave her "no right to live." (How far did he place himself away from God?) His mother cultivated him but also spoiled him: inside, as he told Pickering, "I've never been able to feel really grown-up and tremendous, like other chaps." He had extremely bad manners; he even "preached" to Eliza: "The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls." When he found a poor girl that would serve as a useful apparatus for an experiment of his, he took her up impulsively despite all complications that his action would entail. When he had finished with her, he dropped her "just like that," merely saying: "Thank God its all over!" for there were "not any feelings (he) need bother about." Nevertheless, he claimed: "I care for life, for humanity." but he had not really cared for a girl whom he considered "a part of it that had come (his) way and been built into (his) house." He would not thank her for fetching his slippers but would "think a good deal more of (her) for throwing them in (his) face." And when she was gone, he tumbled "in a state" and became completely lost and cried like a

ELIZA AND HIGGINS IN PYGMALION

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child whose nurse has left him: "I can't find anything." And so he went out searching for her frantically. When he found her, he persuaded her to come back, to give him orientation in life, and to keep his soul company, yet he would laugh at her again for anything he thought silly!

When a fresh wind from the low vale blows up on a sturdy mountain pine, the wind comes tasteless but soon gains the pine's fine fragrance after being brushed by its balmy boughs; the pine stands up haughtily against the blue sky when the wind is weak and tender but will bend to its sides when the wind grows strong; they will neither compromise and settle down quietly and peacefully nor will they part; the wind will whirl back after strolling away for a round or two, for it is their mutual desire that the wind shall linger on! And you can hear --- but only hear --- the melodious mingling of their souls --- high above in the sky!

Nicky Cheung

THE FOOL

(A Parable)

People of Hawaii, you cannot be saved in ignorance! Intelligence and education are the basis of survival in today's world! Come, gather 'round, and I will relate to you the story of a boy who only gargled at the fountain of knowledge and spat at the pool of wisdom.

Lohiau was born of goodly parents. Although his mother was a good fifteen years younger than his Pa, their love for each other was deeper than the ocean itself. Lohiau was taught how to survive if lost in the dense forests of his island. He was also taught the art of healing by using certain herbs, and how to protect himself from the uncontrollable forces of nature; but instead of practicing his skills, he would lie under a coconut tree and sing himself to sleep. Countless times, Mother and Dad pleaded with him to practice his skills, which would someday be of great importance; but Lohiau would only shrug his shoulders and walk away disgustedly.

As time elapsed, Lohiau grew to be a fine young man, powerfully built and as versatile as a cat; but he was also dull as a blade of grass!

There comes a time during the winter when every Hawaiian boy on the Garden Island has to ascend the formidable Mount Waialeale, wettest spot on earth, in order to prove himself worthy of being called a man. Instead of preparing himself for the ascent, Lohiau would go to the beach and sleep under the shade of the coco palm tree.

Weeks flew by and suddenly it was his turn to climb the mountain. Lohiau equipped himself with a spear and took some food which he carried in a tapa cloth.

During the first few hours of climbing, Lohiau ascended rapidly because of the broken trail, left by others preceding him, which would be easily seen. Suddenly, the trail disappeared; enormous forests congested with thick, damp underbrush surrounded him completely. He was terrified and did not know what to do. Tripping on a moss-covered rock, he cracked his wooden spear like a twig under his two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, inflicting a severe wound in his side. Lohiau was in pain and terrified to the point of insanity. He searched for herbs that would soothe his wound, but because of his limited knowledge as a result of his not heeding the teachings of Ma and Pa, it was all in vain.

Lohiau crossed many streams that flowed endlessly down the mountainside. A man of wisdom would have followed them, but Lohiau was not wise to the ways of nature.

Days passed, weeks came and went, but Lohiau was never found. The formidable mountain once again claimed another life, while deep in its unknown realm blossomed thousands of olena trees, noted for their curative effects; growing abundantly was the koa, unsurpassed for spear-making; and flowing down the mountain side and into the taro patches were the beautiful streams; but what good are these if one only gargles at the fountain of knowledge and spits at the pool of wisdom?

Levon Ohai

NEVER AN APRIL COMES

For every person there is one moment of beauty that forever remains with him. Though years grow long, there is one moment that opens on his inward eye and sets the strings of his heart vibrating faster in remembrance. A moment that is half pleasure, half pain--that leaves him balanced on the brink of tears or laughter.

It may have been a summer sunset, a moon-drenched night, a bit of mountain glen that looked as if fairies had just quitted it, leaving the lily bells and lady slippers still swaying from their recent frolicking. It may have been a moment of music of such sweetness and poignancy that one's heart wept a little even as it thrilled to its spell.

For everyone there is that moment that time nor succeeding experiences can ever dim or erase. It may steal upon your consciousness in hours of quiet reflection; it may confront you at odd, unexpected places when you are in the midst of daily tasks; it may drift into your dreams in the still hours of the night. No matter the time or place, it sweeps you back to remembered happiness.

My memory beautiful is April violets in an old-fashioned garden.

I was very young--not more than four or five years old--when my unforgettable moment spun out the first threads of its spell. The spring sun had come out and dried the tears on the face of the April morning. The birds were singing as they resumed their spring housebuilding and cleaning. The bees were zooming off on aerial reconnaissance flights in search of new honey caches. Rain puddles shone like new, copper pennies. Everywhere there was a brightness, a clearness, a sweetness that had not been there before.

I was on my way to my grandmother's and the day seemed to be made especially lovely just for me. I squished in the puddles. I gathered rain-washed dandelions. I marveled at the waxy, green spires of the poplar trees towering so far above me. I had to throw my head back to see their tips.

At last grandmother's red-bricked house came into view. A moment later, I carefully opened the gate by the white lilac tree, tiptoed apprehensively past the old abandoned well, then danced up the path into the arms of my grandmother. I remember she asked me about mother and the little brothers, and if my walk was nice. I remember she gave me caraway cookies and milk. Then instead of saying, "Now, run out and play," she looked at me thoughtfully and said, "Now, what would you like to do, dear?"

While I struggled to focus my mind on something specific, her face brightened and she said, "How would you like to pick violets?"

In happy surprise, and before I quite knew what was happening, I was in the garden. Carefully, I closed the gate behind me; carefully I turned around.

Here at my feet, the ribbon grass rustled its taffeta panels in the gentle breeze. Farther along the walk, peony plants held pink-lacquered fingers aloft in the sunshine to dry. To the left, the yellow rose bush draped graceful garlands of waxen buds. Nearby, the delicate narcissus that seldom blossomed was flaunting

NEVER AN APRIL COMES

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its butterfly blooms from fragile, green stems. At the bottom of the garden, white and virginal like a young girl dressed in her first formal, stood a pear tree. There beneath its snowy skirts lay the violet bed. An emerald carpet studded with amethysts and moonstones--purple and white violets in mingled design peeping from their bed of green leaves. I breathed deeply of their heady perfume, and my senses swam. Suddenly I flung myself face-downward in that fragrant bed. I wanted to cry, and yet I knew I was happier than I had ever been.

How long I lay in that fragrant spot, I do not know. It seemed forever and it seemed only a moment. At last I began to gather violets--white in one hand, purple in the other. Reluctantly, I left the garden with a last, lingering look at all that loveliness. I closed the garden gate and started home.

But my heart and inward eye refused to leave the garden and violet bed there; they picked it up and locked it away in a secret vault of my memory. There it blooms forever--unaffected by frost or flood, sunshine or shadow. Of this I am sure. For never an April comes, but on some quiet, moon-washed night I find my eager feet--once more young--running down that garden path to the violet bed. Its sweetness takes me captive as it did that day so long ago. I bend to gather clusters of its beauty and sweetness in my hands, and then--the door of memory softly swings shut.

I awake with empty hands, a heart that aches a little, and find the ghostly fragrance of violets drifting through my room.

For every person there is a moment of beauty, a fragment of memory that forever remains. Mine is April violets in an old flower garden.

Virginia D. Nielsen

KAHALUU SUNRISE

A secret nook, my early morning world
Reflected in the pond so mirror still;
And as I gaze with awe, atop the hill,
A fresh new day is silently unfurled.

The wavelets crests so delicately
 pearled,
Begin to tumble o'er the reel at will.
The sun, now sneaking stealthily, doth
 fill
The sky with pastel glow, its colors
 hurled
Above the craggy mountains, standing tall
As silent sentinels, behind the scene.

A moment more the precious place is mine
Before the fiery red floods over all,
Awakening a hundred lives unseen
In that brief time when my world is
 divine.

Donna Failing

HOMESICK

I feel alien in this green land!
My country is rugged and dry,
But it is my home, and there seasons change
With purposed design, and I
Long for that change from Spring to Fall--
For a breath of Winter's chill--
For the song of a lark on a Summer morn--
For the wild geese' call from the hill.
It's little things like this I miss
In this land where Time stands still.

And yet--

Someday in my home in the hills
When the heat waves billow and burn,
Or the swirling snow sweeps around my door,
I know that my heart will yearn
To see these emerald hills again--
Dream of moon-bathed nights once more,
And sigh for a glimpse of the shim'ring
 seas
That break on these glistening shores.

Virginia D. Nielsen

LAVENDAR ISLE

The scarlet sun of the tropics
Dips into the horizon of the vast blue ocean,
Diffusing solar rays into a lavender mist
That nestles in clouds and falls to tint
 Paradise purple.

Pat Peterson

THE CRUCIAL RESOURCE

Of all resources, the most crucial is
 Man's Spirit.
Not dulled, nor lulled, supine, secure,
 replete, does Man create, But out of
 stern challenge, in sharp excitement,
 with a burning joy.

Man is the hunter still, though his
 quarry be hope, a mystery,
 a dream.
From what immortal hungers, what sudden
 sight of the unknown, surges
 that desire?
What flint of fact, what kindling light
 of art or far horizon,
 ignites that spark?
What cry, what music, what strange
 beauty, strikes that
 resonance?
On these hangs the future of the world.

Mike Wheeler

A WAVE

Far out on the great blue-green
expanse where a moment ago there was
nothing to be seen except the pitching
swell, a shape is faintly discernible;
it is a wave, rather large, but of the
type that has been relentlessly pounding
the coast for countless ages.

A wave rolling slowly in is a thing
of unparalleled beauty. It is nothing;
then, building slowly up, it is a towering
mass of shimmering green through which the
pale rays of the sun are opaquely reflected
near the white foam of the crest. Then in
one breath-taking second, water is
outlined against the sky, and the green
wall edges over and comes crashing down.
As the white foam glides smoothly up the
rocky shoal and slowly ebbs back, all again
is nothing. A wave has lived and died only
to be conceived again in an endless cycle
as long as time itself.

Mike Wheeler

BLOOD ON THE SAND

California-born Benjamin Ripple had just graduated from law school when his uncle in Honolulu wrote, asking him to be the junior partner in his firm. Ben was thrilled at the idea of going to a romantic spot, and he entered into the Hawaiian way of life with eagerness.

Soon after his arrival in the islands, he accompanied his uncle to a big luau given by a kamaaina family. There he first saw Kalani and fell in love with the beautiful maiden instantly.

Although their romance seemed to progress happily, Ben did not realize that an evil shadow lurked in the background. Kamaka, intended husband of the lovely Kalani, eyed the tall newcomer with jealousy. The slender Kalani had been promised to him by her parents when she was still just a child, and although she had never loved the older man, he had considered her his own.

Kamaka was now in his forties and had grown sour in his waiting. He had a permanent scowl on his pock-marked face, and his narrowed eyes gleamed maliciously from under his shaggy brows. He kept to himself, as everyone was afraid of what they termed his "evil eye." It was said that Kamaka was apprenticed to a wicked kahuna. Although the populace had been completely Christian for the past half century, there still lingered occasional lapses into the almost forgotten art of kahunalism.

One evening as Kalani and Ben walked toward the beach, Kalani looked up and saw an akualele* flying over the rooftops and knew Ben was in danger. She grabbed his hand and stiffened suddenly.

"Is something wrong?" Ben asked.

"No, nothing! I just felt a sudden chill," she answered, knowing that he would not understand the old Hawaiian beliefs.

They strolled on to the cove where they always met, and stood silently, looking out across the calm sea.

Suddenly a twig snapped in the nearby guava grove, piercing the still night. Kalani started with fright and grasped Ben's hand for protection. Ben peered into the dark shadows but could see nothing.

"It's Kamaka!" whispered Kalani in fear. "Oh, Ben! I am afraid!"

Ben looked down at her fondly and almost smiled, but instinctively he realized that her fear was real.

"How do you know who's in there?" he asked gently. "It's probably just a dog."

Kalani continued to grasp his hand, her body rigid with fear, as she explained the wickedness of Kamaka and the kahuna.

*akualele - a fireball containing an evil spirit

BLOOD ON THE SAND

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Just then Kamaka leaped out of the brush and attacked Ben. Ben fell to the sand as Kamaka plunged a knife into him again and again. Kalani screamed hysterically as she saw the blood flow to the sand.

The body lay on the sand, and Kamaka grabbed Kalani, knowing that he had accomplished his goal.

"The kahuna's promise is fulfilled. I have what is mine!" And with a snarl, Kamaka led the trembling girl away.

Lokelani Lindsey

THE LITTLE MINDS

When I awoke in the hospital, I could not remember how I got there. I could make out but dimly the row of tidy, white beds, stretching endlessly on either side of me. My mind was not ready for this world of tidiness, and the whiteness looked like snow

The snow was not really white: it was smeared with blood and sprinkled with bits of flesh and cloth, which had recently been my comrades.

The noise was unbelievable. Shell bursts and machinegun chatter were intermingled with screams of agony, shouts of anger, and sobs of fear. The din was so great that I was deafened by it, and after a while I knew nothing, save for aiming and firing, over and over again. After a while I did not even know why I fired; I only knew that it must be done.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of that hell, someone fell against me, and my mind cleared long enough to know anger. "What do you think you're doing? You spoiled my aim!"

But I could have saved my breath; his blue eyes were glazed and his blond hair matted with red sticky stuff. He had not heard a word.

I remained hunched in the trench with the intruder, cold, and numb, and unable to move. I wanted to cry, or to pray, or to curse; but I could only sit there, unaware of the battle raging around me, aware only of the bright red and gold of his hair against the death-stained snow

A cold shock, and then a quick sting on my arm brought my mind back to the hospital ward. A smiling nurse with a hypodermic needle spoke cheerily: "Just a nice shot to make you well again!"

I could not speak, but my mind formed a word which it said over and over, "Ridiculous! This is ridiculous!"

On the bed at my right, a card game was in progress. Three of the players were heavily bandaged, and the fourth held his cards with a metal clamp instead of a hand. But they laughed and shouted, sometimes in childish glee, sometimes in mock anger: "Oh boy! You finally gave me something I could use!" or "What a lousy hand! Let's shoot the dealer!"

The words sounded rash, even cruel, to my raw heart, but I could only lie there helplessly, wanting desperately to tell them how infantile they were.

At my left, a legless man sat in a wheel chair, showing snapshots to a man who was enclosed in a cast from the neck down. He bragged about his children until his helpless victim howled, "If you don't shut up about how many teeth your youngest kid has, I'm going to call the nurse and have you thrown out of here!"

The legless man was visibly hurt by this rebuff, but he managed a humorless laugh as he wheeled himself away, recounering with, "Why don't you just admit you're jealous because you haven't got any kids, and aren't likely to have any!"

"No, no!" shouted my tortured mind. "How can you waste your time on such petty things when there is so little time left?" But I could not utter a sound, lying there almost completely paralyzed, with little physical pain, yet suffering with extreme anxiety. If only I could make them understand how foolish it was to spend their last hours in imbecilic bickering!

A pair of pajama-clad patriots hobbled past my bed on crutches, arguing the benefits of a new type of physical therapy for which they were guinea pigs. They became quite angry

THE LITTLE MINDS

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with each other, and from my prone position I tried willing my thoughts to enter their minds. But it was no use; their argument grew more heated, forming a wall of fire between my mind and theirs.

The hours crept by with agonizing slowness. I tried in vain to conceive a method of telling the rest of the men how little time was left in which to be happy. I was not sure, myself, when the end would come; I only knew it was near, and it would not be long before the little minds of men would be torn with regret when they learned it was too late to erase the wrongs they had done.

Inevitably, the end came. There was a blinding explosion, a shattering of glass, and then silence. The voices of the card players were still, their hands lifeless. They sprawled, paralyzed, only their eyes betraying the light in their minds which would not go out.

The snapshots dropped from the motionless hand of the legless man, and fell to the floor, face-up, still smiling. The man in the cast remained as usual, except that now even his voice was immobilized.

I, in my tidy white hospital bed, knew what the others were beginning to learn: that for those of us who had knowingly chosen to destroy the world with our nuclear weapons, there would be no real death, but an eternal living hell. Our bodies would feel nothing, know nothing, but our foolish little minds would live forever, tortured by the knowledge of what we had done.

Donna Failing

